

AN EXCITING WOLF HUNT AT CHICAGO.

SOUTH SIDE POLICEMEN ENJOY DIVERSION.

PAIR OF BOLD OFFICERS

Dash Into Yard Where Little Girl Is Trying to Make Friends with "Savage Beast"—Young Lady Claims Animal.

Chicago.—An exciting wolf hunt broke the monotony of life in the Stanton avenue police station the other day, the police arriving like stage heroes, just in time to save a child from the "savage beast."

For 24 hours a large black timber wolf had been at large on the South side. The animal was captured in the back yard of a residence on Calumet avenue, while a little girl, supposing it to be a dog, was trying to make friends with it.

The rescuers were Patrolmen J. P. O'Donnell and D. D. Morrin. Morrin comes from the Black Hills, and boasts of having caught coyotes with his bare hands. He had an opportunity to display his ability in this line when the telephone bell of the police station rang and a hysterical voice over the wire announced that a big wolf was eating up a child.

Five minutes later the men arrived at the wolf "lair." The baby, dressed in a red coat, was toddling toward the animal, which, when it saw the two intruders, bristled and showed its teeth.

"Nice doggie," said the little girl, as the animal, growling savagely, backed into a corner. A frantic mother ran out at this moment and, protected by the police, seized the child in her arms.

O'Donnell and Morrin advanced cautiously, one of them holding a rope ready to lasso the beast. The wolf snarled viciously at Morrin, but its teeth caught in the man's glove. Then the animal bolted for the basement. The occupants of the house, thinking that the wolf had come to devour them, fled in a panic upstairs.

In the gloom of the basement the wolf's eyes glowed like two jewels. Again the men pressed down upon

their quarry. There was a snarl, a scuffle and a cry. "We've got him." Cautious heads were projected from the upper windows, and a few more daring spectators peeped over the back fence.

While O'Donnell and Morrin were debating what to do with the captive, a young woman rushed up breathless. "Oh, you have got him," she gasped. Kneeling down by the side of the animal



"Nice doggie," said the little girl. "mal she began to stroke its sides. 'Nice puppy, and was it lost?' she crooned.

"I guess it was, ma'am," said the policeman.

"You ought to know better than to let savage wolves run amuck around other people's houses," came an indignant voice from upstairs.

The young woman, who had provided a muzzle for the purpose, at touched it to her pet and led the wolf away. The animal barked like a dog and seemed glad to be found again.

The owner is Thomas H. Pick, who caught the animal in the "Black Hole" of Colorado.

HE WINS CHERISHED TOGA.

SIMON GUGGENHEIM TO BE SENATOR FROM COLORADO.

After Wait of Ten years and Expenditure of Over \$1,000,000 Smelter Millionaire Will Enter National Congress.

Ten years of patient work, coupled with the expenditure of a sum not less than \$1,000,000 and perhaps a great deal more, will result in the gratification of the ambition of Multimillionaire Simon Guggenheim. The state legislature will elect him United States senator to succeed Thomas M. Patterson.

His election is absolutely assured, notwithstanding the grumbling of some of the other candidates and the absence of President Roosevelt's endorsement.

Guggenheim is spoken of by his enemies as the "smelter trust senator," but his friends call him the savior of the party. Eleven years ago, when he came here, the party was in bad shape. Every county committee in the state has received his aid. It is expected that every Republican county newspaper and many Democratic county newspapers will print editorials justifying Guggenheim's election.

Richard Broad, Guggenheim's manager, has taken extraordinary precautions to prevent any senatorial investigation of the huge expenditure. Mr. Broad is a great sportsman, and it is said he often has made wagers that some candidate he wanted elected would not be elected, giving odds of several hundred to one. He always lost such wagers, which were invariably in connection with the election of some member of the legislature.

Former Senator Wolcott was the most formidable foe with which Guggenheim had to contend, and his death opened up the way for Guggenheim to the senate.

Guggenheim never makes political speeches except by proxy. He never gives interviews on anything except mining or Colorado's great future. His political opinions are an enigma so far as the public is concerned. He and his manager have devoted their entire attention for years to the legislative ticket.

Last year he gave to the state school of mines Guggenheim hall, costing \$50,000. He always gives a new-boy's Christmas dinner. These, with his contributions, are the sum total of his claims on the toga. His friends, when asked why he should be chosen answered: "Why, he saved the party in Colorado."

Guggenheim is 39 years old. He came to Colorado in 1889, but it was not until 11 years ago that he moved from Pueblo to Denver and began laying his wires for the senate.

In 1898 Guggenheim was nominated for governor of Colorado by the silver Republicans. He also had the endorsement of the People's party, but he declined, although he would have been elected. He made an effort to become a congressman, but the senate was the prize he always has coveted.

Guggenheim is one of seven brothers known as M. Guggenheim's Sons. They dominate the smelting business of the country and practically control its silver output and a considerable portion of the copper production. They own the Guggenheim Exploration company, which has developed immense mining properties in Mexico and the far west, and which has



Simon Guggenheim. (Next United States Senator From Colorado.)

a vast enterprise now under way for making the mineral wealth of Alaska accessible.

Simon Guggenheim has been the western representative of the family for nearly a dozen years. He has a knowledge of the smelting business and is regarded as one of the ablest mining experts in the country. So enormously has the wealth of the family multiplied in recent years that men familiar with the facts hesitate to say any figure, fearing to expose themselves to a charge of exaggeration. They assert that the combined wealth of the seven brothers runs into the hundreds of millions.

The coming senator is next to the youngest of the seven brothers. He was born in Philadelphia December 29, 1867. He was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia and graduated from its high school, and was then sent abroad by his father to pick up a knowledge of foreign languages and the business methods of different European countries. Mr. Guggenheim reads, writes and speaks fluently French, Spanish and German.

Medal for Commander Peary.

Presented by Roosevelt in Behalf of Geographic Society.

Washington.—The president at the annual dinner of the National Geographic society the other night presented to Commander Robert E. Peary, on behalf of the society, a gold medal awarded to the Arctic explorer in recognition of his feat in reaching the farthest north. The dinner was attended by a distinguished company, including members of the cabinet, ambassadors and their wives and many scientists, and the spirit of the evening was one of felicitation over the recent exploits of American explorers, notably the expedition of Commander Peary and the ascent of Mount McKinley by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of New York, who was a guest of honor, sitting next to Commander Peary.

At the tables were seated 400 guests. Willis L. Moore, of the Na-

and was modeled by Tiffany experts. The star near the top of the medal is a Montana sapphire, placed at the point where Peary planted the American flag.

NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR.
Hon. James Bryce to Represent King Edward at Washington.

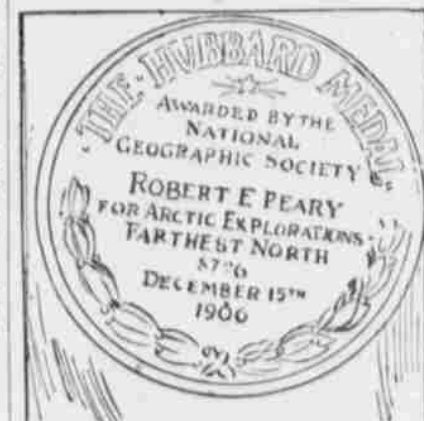
London.—Right Hon. James Bryce, who will succeed Sir Mortimer Du-



Hon. James Bryce. (New British Ambassador to the United States.)

rand as British ambassador to the United States, is at present chief secretary for Ireland in the Campbell-Bannerman cabinet, and is the distinguished author of "The American Commonwealth." Since 1885 he has represented Aberdeen in parliament, and among the offices that he has held are those of under secretary for foreign affairs, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and president of the board of trade. Mr. Bryce is a member of the Royal society and of various foreign academies, and has received honorary degrees from many institutions of learning. Born in 1838, he was educated in the University of Glasgow and Trinity college, Oxford, and was made a barrister of Lincoln's Inn in 1867. For a time he was regius professor of civil law at Oxford university.

Reason for Smokeless Berlin. The smokeless condition in Berlin is ascribed to the preponderant use of smokeless fuel, in the form of coke and briquets, the skillful, scientific construction of boiler furnaces and chimneys and finally to the high standard of skill taught and enforced among firemen who stoke furnaces with coal for steam and other purposes. Before a man can assume such a charge in Berlin he must be taught the theory and practice of economical, scientific firing.



Reverse Sides of Peary Medal.

tional Geographic society, presided, and the committee assisting included Alexander Graham Bell, W. J. Boardman, Edward Everett Hale, John W. Foster, Arnold Hague, Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, Gen. William Crozier and John B. Henderson, Jr. The medal is of fine workmanship

PASSENGERS ON A STREET CAR WEEP.

EYES FILL WITH TEARS, YET THEY ARE NOT SAD.

AMUSING LITTLE COMEDY

Women Try to Hide Their Emotion While Leaking Bottle of Formaldehyde, from Under a Seat Continues to Do Its Duty.

Omaha.—A health department attache, a bottle of formaldehyde, four housewives, a hospital nurse and a conductor got out of the rut the other morning in a Sherman avenue street car and sustained the action of an amusing little comedy.

E. C. Damon, of the city health department, was returning on the car with his fumigating tools and, inadvertently, loosened the stopper of a bottle of formaldehyde, which he placed inside the car while he enjoyed the scenery from the rear platform.

Four women inside the car soon began to think there was something wrong with their lachrymal glands, as the escaping formaldehyde addressed both their olfactory and optical nerves.

Four women were drying their eyes with their handkerchiefs and the conductor was in such a state of mind and vision he could not direct his punch to any intelligible place on the transfers requested.

Outalde, Damon was smoking his pipe and enjoying the scenery. The bottle of formaldehyde was in a straw hamper and the odor escaped through that receptacle.

When the car reached the Wise Memorial hospital on Sherman avenue a nurse from that institution boarded the car. She quickly detected the nature of the odor and was amused at the effects it had caused on her fellow passengers.

Her first impulse was to think that the conductor was fumigating some tainted money he had received, so for the minute she dismissed the matter from her mind.

At Seventeenth and Clark streets a stout woman got on the car and with some effort made her way to a seat. She looked around the car with amazement, and presently her perspective

was blurred. Buildings familiar to her since childhood no longer presented their former aspect. She thought she was becoming faint.

She asked that the car be stopped, as she wanted to walk, anyway. The conductor tried to reach for the bell cord, but he grabbed the cash fare register and registered up 16 fares before the fat woman left the car.

In a few minutes the nurse began to think the conductor was either fumigating a national bank or that some of the passengers had broken a bottle of



Their Eyes Filled with Tears.

formaldehyde in a pocket. She looked around for some clue to the mystery.

On the rear platform she recognized Damon as a man she had seen at a house that was fumigated. She saw the straw hamper in the car and looked up her book of rules. The answer was quickly forthcoming.

Damon was profuse in his apologies and promised never, never again to allow such a thing to happen.

"It is enough to make a lady cry," remarked one of the four aforementioned, as she left the car at Cumings street.

YOUNG MAN'S RACE FOR LIFE OVER A TRESTLE

Caught on Structure with Bicycle He Rides Ahead of Train to Safety.

Chicago.—At Elgin, Ill., the C. & M. & St. P. railway has a double track trestle which runs along and directly over the Fox river. In the days when bicycles were a fad, I with other boys of my age would spin up the narrow walk which ran between the two tracks. We could get up more speed on this stretch than any other place within the city limits, and, being a mile long, it was pretty good sport.



I Raced as I Had Never Raced Before.

I sold a Chicago newspaper in Elgin at that time, and usually took my stand at the station, which was directly at the head of the trestle. One summer evening, I was loitering at this station after my papers were sold, when a brakeman remarked that a freight had broken on the grade north of Elgin, and that part of the train was traveling back to town as a runaway. I jumped on my wheel and started for the old familiar spin along the trestle.

I had ridden part way when I noticed the train coming over the trestle from the north. It was coming at a rapid rate. I dismounted and stood in the other track for the train to go by. It made a deafening noise as it thundered along. The shriek of a whistle caused me to turn. The passenger train had just left the station and was approaching from the south.

I hesitated a moment between dropping through the trestle into the river below and racing the train to the end of the trestle. I decided to ride the ties. The train came on faster. I raced as I had never raced be-

fore. Faster came the train. Faster did I ride. Yet, it seemed to be gaining. The ties offered terrible resistance compared with the walk between the tracks, which I had always ridden before.

It was almost on to me. In a flash, I threw my wheel into the river and jumped after it, just as the express thundered by.

GIRL HAS A PET SNAKE.

Turns It Loose in Schoolroom and Frightens Scholars.

New York.—Pupils of the Morse high school have been known to permit all kinds of jokes since they have been in the new building presented to the city of Bath, Me., a few years ago at a cost of nearly \$100,000 by Charles W. Morse, of New York, and they have been as varied as could be imagined. It has been the rule, however, to lay such jokes to the boys of the school, and recently a demure young lady perpetrated a trick which made any of those played by the boys look small in comparison.

She had been studying zoology, and had been presented with a snake considerably over 12 inches in length. This she carried to school, wearing it as a band about her hair, and then during a sly moment placed it in Principal Cole's desk. In an unseen moment the reptile made its escape from the desk and wriggled itself down on the platform and started for an exit, when it was seen by some of the girls, who became so frightened that they stood in their chairs, and it was only after some minutes of terror that one of the boys managed to capture it, when order was once more restored in the schoolroom.

Mother Sells Her Baby.

Passaic, N. J.—Because she was unable to pay a board bill of \$8 Maria Mucinka, a good-looking Hungarian woman of this city, sold her little son Alexander, three years old, to F. W. Bacher and his wife, who agreed to pay the board bill. In an agreement drawn up by a notary public the woman relinquished all claim to her child. Mrs. Mucinka, who was a widow, contracted the board debt when she was out of work. She afterward obtained employment in a mill so as to be near the place. She left the child with the boarding-house keeper as security for the money owed. Recently Mrs. Mucinka was married again, and her husband refused to receive the boy into his home. Mrs. Bacher, who formed an attachment for the child when she was a neighbor of the mother, heard about the case, and offered to pay the board bill provided the mother would surrender possession of the boy. The proposal was accepted.

Large Churches.

St. Peter's, Rome, will accommodate 54,000; Duomo, Milan, 37,000; St. Paul's, Rome, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame de Paris, 21,000; the Duomo of Florence, 20,000; the Cathedral of Pisa, 13,000; St. Marc's in Venice, 7,000.

BOY PLAYS SANTA CLAUS; STICKS IN THE CHIMNEY

Lad Hauled Up Bruised and Penitent by Mother, Neighbors and a Clothesline.

Philadelphia.—Stuck in an old chimney for nearly two hours while his mother and neighbors fished for him with clotheslines, William Matson, a 13-year-old lad, of Shawmont, just



They Hauled Him to Safety.

above Roxborough, had the scare of his life while playing Santa Claus and was so badly scraped and shocked by his experience that he had to be taken to a hospital for treatment.

Matson, with his brother, Andrew; Matthew Conway, Joseph Miller and Harry Thompson, went to a vacant house in Shawmont avenue, near Ridge avenue, to play. The boys are from nine to 14 years old, and when it was suggested that the time-honored drama of Santa and the chimney be enacted William Matson clamored for the star part.

He got it, and, armed with an old satchel filled with straw, mounted to the roof of the old house, which has not been occupied for years. His companions waited on the floor below by an open fireplace, through which he was scheduled to make a triumphal entry.

Matson lowered himself boldly into the chimney, and began to slide down the ancient coat of soot with a joyous thrill. Half way down he stuck, and it became evident there was a bend in the chimney. His companions, instead of a joyous shout from the fireplace, heard a dismal cry from the wall above, and recognized their playmate calling wildly for assistance.

They ran to his home, a few doors away, and told his mother. She, thoroughly frightened, got a ladder, a clothesline and a stout boat hook. Getting on the roof, she lowered the rope, and managed to get the satchel,

but could not land the boy.

Then some men came out of the big crowd which had gathered in the street, and with several more ropes they managed to get a firm grip on young Santa Claus, and haul him to safety.

When the soot-begrimed, bleeding little figure was brought to daylight, no one laughed. The youngster was so frightened that he almost fainted; his clothes were torn, his face and hands were bleeding and raw from his frantic struggles to raise himself against the walls of the chimney.

He was taken to the hospital, where his cuts were dressed. He was then given a tonic, a good wash and sent home.

KEPT HORSE IN BEDROOM.

Animal Is Member of Grocer's Household for Two Years.

Cleveland, O.—John Radic, a grocer, on St. Clair avenue, was very indignant when the police haled him into court for violating a city health ordinance by keeping a horse in his house. Radic operates a grocery store and lives with his family in rooms in the rear. Until the other day his delivery horse occupied a room adjoining the sleeping apartments of the family with a door between and also one opening into the grocery store. Sanitary Policeman Blackstock happened to walk into the store and detected the presence of the horse in the adjacent bedroom. Radic was arrested, charged with violating the health code, and fined \$5 and costs. Radic waxed indignant over the alleged outrage.

"I keep my horse clean," he asserted. "He been in house two years. My wife and me and my boys are never sick. In the old country I sleep in a room with six horses and I was always well."

Radic has temporarily moved his horse to a neighbor's barn. Being frugal, he has posted a card on his house announcing a furnished room for rent. That is, the vacant stall.

Prince Subdues Wild Beasts.

Rome.—A strange affair has occurred at the exhibition grounds at Milan. In consequence of a dispute between the owners of the menagerie and the proprietor of a theater where the wild beasts were installed the lions did not receive their food for two days. They became very savage and fought so desperately among themselves that no one dare venture near their cage. Prince Wolfetta, who is a great lover of wild beasts, heard of the trouble and resolved to tame the animals. He accordingly took them in hand, and not only managed to subdue them, but forced them into separate cages.

Debtor and Creditor.

Against your share of that per capita circulation which is so very difficult to get hold of just set off your share of the public debt, which of course you'll never pay. It is thought like these that cheer one along through the dreary weather.—Indianapolis News